ROSS ROADS

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'HE JOURNAL OF THE RURAL WORKERS' FELLOWSHIP
OF THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH

THE SONG OF THE PLOW

It was I who built Chaldea
and the cities of the Plain;
I was Greece and Rome and Carthage
and the opulence of Spain.
When their courtiers walked in scarlet
and their queens wore chains of gold,
And forgot 'twas I that made them,
growing godless folk and bold,
I went over them in judgment,
and again my cornfields stood
Where empty courts bowed homage
in obsequious multitude . . .
For the nation that forgets me,
in that hour her doom is sealed
By judgment as from Heaven
that can never be repealed.

THE RURAL WORKERS' FELLOWSHIP OF THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH, INC.

(Incorporated under the laws of the State of New York)

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SODDEN SCRAPS FROM SPRINGFIELD

As the Connecticut, the Naugatuck, the Scoharie and the assorted waterways of lower New England burst their banks for the second time in three months, approximately 100 members of the P.E.C.U.S.A. and the Church of Canada gathered in Springfield, Mass., for the annual Convocation of Town and County of the National Council of Churches, the annual Episcopal T-C Conference and the annual meeting of the R.W.F.

Because of the flood conditions, the ecumenical meeting had a very low attendance, being approximately one-third as small as last year's meeting in Salina. The big news of the phenomenally dull program was that erstwhile member of the Roanridge staff, the Rev. Dr. Richard O. Comfort, was chosen as new executive secretary of the Division of Town-Country, National Council of Churches, to replace the late Don Pielstick. There was one significant paper at the conference in which Dr. Samuel Blizzard reported partially on his research project on the place of the social sciences in theological training. His findings, based on questionnaires sent to umpty-up ministers, both Town-County and Urban, imply that current theological curriculum does not contain enough 'practical' courses as compared to academic subjects. We will try to precis parts of Dr. Blizzard's report in the next issue of Crossroads.

In one of the shortest annual meetings on record (thanks to the new election procedure and the master gavel-wielding of Bill Davidson), the R.W.F. accomplished the following business:

Fellowship Awards for 1955-56:

The Rt. Rev. Henry Daniels, bishop of Montana
The Ven. Eric Smith, archdeacon of Colorado
The Rev. John Peacock, Cowansville, Quebec, Canada

New officers:

Honorary president: The Rt. Rev. Wm. F. Lewis, Nevada
President: The Rev. J. Ethan Allen, Thiensville, Wis.
First Vice-President: The Rev: Lloyd Delaney, Lakefield, Ontario
Second Vice-President: The Rt. Rev. Stephen Bayne, Olympia
Two New Directors: The Rev. John Philbrick, West Missouri
The Rev. Fred Smyithe, South Dakota

At the annual R.W.F. banquet, chaired by retiring Vice-President, Charles Hamilton, the Rev. Tollie Caution, executive director of the division of Negro Work in the Home Department, told of the problems of town-country in this specialized field and of some of the successes that had been achieved. Either Mr. Caution's speech, or one by a Negro town-country priest, will be on tap for an issue of Crossroads soon.

Compared to last year's program, the Episcopalians, despite the fact

that they had the largest denominational representation at the conference, had little leadership role in the ecumencial convocation. Bishop Wm. A. Lawrence, host bishop of Western Mass., chaired a panel on approaches to inter-church coordination, on which the Rev. Phil Steinmetz, Ashfield, Mass., was a participant, and the Rev. John Philbrick chaired the conference sessions on the productive homestead.

Once again, much of the work of the conference, was done in bull-sessions in hotel rooms and in a hotel grille which was praise-worthy for the diaphonous skirts of the waitresses.

—oOo—

Cavour said: A man who trusts men will make fewer mistakes than he who distrusts them.

Report From General Convention

By PHILIP HUMASON STEINMETZ

TOWN and Country did not bulk very large at the 58th General Convention in Honolulu. The great challenge of foreign missions, especially here in the Pacific but, also, in Latin American countries, held the center of the stage most of the time, except for the long hours when it was occupied by lawyers and parliamentarians battling over the wording of resolutions and canons. But in the report of the Program and Budget Committee there was specific reference to the areas of summer training for theological students and in-service training for clergy in rural parishes. These matters were termed "a necessary and exciting new programme in Rural Church Education and Training."

And then there was a radio broadcast lasting fifteen minutes over station KPOA which is located on the campus of the Iolani School where the Convention is meeting. The title of the program was "What *is* the church doing in Town and Country?" Bishop Horstick was the animator of this program with Bishop Henry, the Rev. Tollie Caution and the Rev. Philip H. Steinmetz as the puppets. We each told about things with which we are directly concerned, a mill-town venture of faith, the Parish Training Program and other summer training programs, and some of the work being done by Negroes. To the amazement of all of us and the radio station operator, we used one minute less than our allotted time and had to have the Rev. Dana Kennedy, our announcer, fill it up with a plug for the Radio and Television Commission.

Despite our absence from the limelight, the division of Town and Country got its rightful share in the larger Budget for which we are aiming this year. And the contact which many of those at the Convention had with the multitude of small mission churches in this District should be reflected in their attitudes when they get home and remember that the Church is here away from the large cities as well as being in suburbs and cities.

The great news of this Convention is the record-breaking United Thank Offering and the decision to remove the Church School Lenten Offering from the amount pledged for missions. It is to be devoted to new and special projects outside the budget to be selected each year as it becomes evident which ones are most urgent. This decision, plus the decision to have as our aim a budget some 15% larger than the one for the past year means that we are embarked upon a task of some size in the matter of

As is obvious from the above, this was not a town-country year at General Convention. Phil Steinmetz has picked out what things were relevant for our consideration. At the conclusion, you will find some words of Bp. Wm. Lewis culled from a speech made at Honolulu.

giving. As the challenge of missionary work of any sort hits and stirs us, we will be moved to fuller service in whatever area our lot may be cast.

The Remarks of Bp. Lewis: Speaking at a Domestic Missionary Mass Meeting on September 6th, the Bishop of Nevada described the restlessness and transiency of American life, with the necessity for a far different ministry from that of ministering to the 'village church in the established community'. He said, "The fact that we are in Honolulu bears witness that we are restless people. In some places a person who has been there five years is regarded as an old-timer, and one who has been there five years is regarded as an old-timer, and one who has been there ten years is a founding father."

Bishop Lewis stated that the problem of transiency is two-fold: It applies not only to the areas where people go, but also to the areas they leave. Many large churches are abandoned in urban industrial areas where the Church has failed to minister to the changing neighborhood, he said, and whether one stays or moves, the Christian relationship is gone. Pointing out that when such relationships break there develops a type of religion which interests the individual in himself and faith becomes a matter of 'my salvation' and 'my temptations', Bishop Lewis made a plea for men in the ministry who are interested neither insecurity nor tenure but who will build the Church of God 'wherever they are sent'.

People must be trained to think of their membership not locally, nor as a loyality to a certain priest, or a congregation, or a building, he said, but in a broad concept of the Family of God. Few favorable statistics will be the reward of persons laboring in these new types of transient communties, he said, but they will be doing the necessary work of the Kingdom.

—oOo—

David Cushman Coyle writes: "We are tired with the long battle, with sleepless nights and desperate days; we have seen casualties to tear our hearts; but we cannot lie down here and die. The storm drives us on; on the one hand lies the bottomless pit of a new speculative madness; on the other the bottomless pit of a new world war. The road to destiny is under our feet, and ahead we see the first glimpse of the promised land. On our vision and enthusiasm, on our courage and vitality, lie the issues of fate. They day has come for us to keep our heads, to think clearly, to put first things first and boldly to go forward to the high adventure of the new world."

—oOo—

Glazed brick, white mortar and blue roof-tiles do not make a house beautiful, according to a Chinese proverb which was found on the corner-stone of a house. Carved rose-wood, gold cloth and clear jade do not furnish a house with grace; a man of cultivated mind makes a house of mud and wattle beautiful; a woman, even with a pock-marked face, if refined of heart, fills a house with grace.

The Challenge to the Country Church

By KENNETH S. DAVIS

SINCE 1929 the United States has experienced what the quantitative-minded call a 'religious boom'. Though some churchmen doubt that the figures measure any genuine spiritual growth, statistics nevertheless show that our total church membership has gone up 90 per cent while our population has increased only 31.4 per cent. There are 58,000 more churches today than there were twenty-five years ago, and new churches are being built at an astonishing rate.

Yet, during the same quarter century, more than 20,000 rural churches have closed, their buildings abandoned to slow ruin or transformed into granaries and barns; hundreds more close every year as mechanization, recurrent slumps of farm prices and the increasing lure of cities for the young make for fewer and larger farms. Churchmen are concerned about this.

One reason for the concern is that when a country church closes, some of its members, unable or unwilling to drive to a town church farther away, stop going to church altogether. In many a rural area this has meant a shrinkage in church attendance — a striking reversal of the national trend in precisely the place where traditionally, religions has had its strongest appeal. But even if that were not so, churchmen as well as sociologists might well deplore the loss of another element of cultural variety at a time when standardization and conformity are major threats to our freedom. For the fact is that the country church has values and characteristics which are not transferrable to the city.

Take, for example, the annual country church bazaar — nothing quite like it can happen in a large city. The bazaar, a chief activity of the Ladies Aid, is designed to raise money for the church. Typically, it is held in late November or early December — many of the purchases are made for Christmas giving — but preparations for this single hectic day are a year-long activity.

When an Aid member cans fruit or vegetable, pickles or jellies, she always puts up an extra jar 'for the bazaar'. When she engages in handiwork, at least one of her projects is 'for the bazaar'. If she is artistically inclined, doing pottery work or painting pictures, molding figures from clay or carving them from wood, she is likely to fashion some of their work 'for the bazaar'. During the year, branches of the Ladies Aid form sewing circles and quilting circles, 'for the bazaar'.

Reprinted by permission from the May 22, 1955, issue of the New York Sunday Times Magazine. Kenneth S. Davis is a well-known novelist and biographer whose works have customarily dealt with town-and-country America. A resident of Kansas, he has long been concerned with the mores and manners of our wheat-belt Mid-west.

And when the great day finally arrives, the church parlor or basement is indeed quite as cluttered, crowded and colorful as an oriental market place. At one side of the room are tables of handiwork: embroidered pillow cases, crocheted and tatted doilies and laces, aprons of all sizes and colors, babies' clothes (crocheted b o o t i e s, rompers, dresses), stuffed toys (animals, rag dolls, bean bags), crocheted bedspreads (representing perhaps several years of part-time labor by someone), quilts, hand-woven and crocheted rugs.

On the other side are tables of food: great quantities and varieties of canned goods; a special candy table loaded with golden peanut brittle, white divinity, heaps of pecan crunch, larger heaps of chocolate fudge, plates of creamy fondants, sticks of molasses taffy stacked up like cordwood, and a pastry table bearing all manner of pies, cakes, cookies and breads. There may also be a table of house plants, and another table devoted to the pottery, the figurines, the water-colors and oils of the church's lady artists.

Behind the tables stand the church women themselves, some of them laughingly but effectively playing the role of salesladies as their fellow members, men and women trailing wide-eyed children, push their way through the crowded room. The noise and hustle parallel Macy's or Gimbels on a bargain day, with the important difference that this crowd is a happier one.

Or, again, take the country church supper — held once a month, generally — an event for which one should prepare (to partake of, I mean) by undergoing a twenty-four-hour fast. It is a potluck affair, and the luck for a hungry man is invariably good, what with the boards loaded to groaning with more kinds of baked beans, scalloped potatoes and vegetables and meat casseroles than the uninitiate would have believed possible, plus more kinds of meat loaf and salads, and a quantity and variety of cakes, pies and cookies that is equally astonishing, all to be washed down with mugs of steaming coffee for the grown-ups and milk for the children.

Then in the summertime, often in August, comes the ice cream social. It is held out-of-doors, in the churchyard over which Japanese lanterns, strung on wires, gently sway in the night breeze. Muscular arms scoop from freezers at the order of the ladies (they are saleladies again), and there is again much gay talk or laughter as everyone eats more angel or devil's food cake and vanilla ice cream than is strictly good for him or her.

The country church thus not only travels on its stomach far more than does the city church, but also plays a far more important role in the total life of the community. Generally, indeed, it is the chief social institution of its area, the medium through which neighbors meet to discuss crops, weather, politics, farm prices, world crises, new farming methods and each other's troubles and doings.

It lays great stress on family life;

children are given special attention through "young people's" activities. It also emphasizes conservative values; not only have churches been the last bulwarks of resistance to dancing, card-playing and Sunday sports, but they have also encouraged the religious and moralistic approaches of tradition to social and economic problems. Though the effect has often been to sanctify the status quo, if not the "good old days", it also has tended to preserve fundamental values challenged by an era of scientific rationalism and materialism.

For, withal, the country church is also a religious institution, at least as much concerned with the things of the spirit as any city church. The fact that so much of the community life takes place in and through an institution of worship gives to that life a tone quite different from what it would have if it were shaped through a secular body.

One must note here that the kind of preaching heard in many country churches does little to stimulate the critical intelligence of listeners. Often the church is too small to afford a pastor all its own and shares with other churches in the area the services of one whose education is not great and who seeks to make up in fervor what he lacks in logic and information. But even if economic factors permitted employment of more highly trained intellects in country pastorates, the country church would have a higher proportion of 'feeling' to 'thinking' in its worship than does the typical city church. This would be so simply because the country church is where it is.

Consider a church which flourished for half a century in the open country some ten miles northwest of my eastern Kansas home town. Built in the 1890's when its township had a population of around 600, the Sedalia Presbyterian Church was abandoned in the 1940's when the township population had shrunk to a little over 400 and the countryside was dotted with deserted farmsteads. Since then the church has stood locked and empty upon its windswept hill, save for an annual 'Homecoming' and an occasional funeral.

Behind it is a tiny cemetary shaded by cedars; around it lies God's acre or two of native bluestem, with a clot of sunflowers in one corner. On all sides the country leans toward lower hills which, ribbed by such limestone as the church is made of, wall little valleys that widen as they slope and curve toward flood plains of the Blue River and the Kaw.

Even at its most crowded, this was a country of solitudes. Over gumbo hill fields and wide bluestem pastures — an upland rarely intersected by rich narrow bottomlands — arches an enormous brooding sky whose moods not only are of great economic interest to those who live under it but also have immense esthetic power.

Thus, whenever members of the Sedalia congregation looked out the church windows, whenever they came out the church door, they had scarcely to lift their eyes to look

into infinity. The very sound of it and feel of it were there — in the wind that blew steadily, in the tall grasses and dark cedars that sang or made ceaseless soothing moan over the graves of relatives and friends.

"I know a peace here I've not known elsewhere," one elderly woman said at the last Sedalia Homecoming — and it is evidence of the church's place in the lives of its former communicants that 140 of them, some from neighboring states, returned for this annual gathering last September, a full decade after the church's closing.

Mrs. Erma Sebring, who lives on a farm near the church, once said, "It isn't just that our church was smaller than city ones, and we knew and loved one another so well — though that was part of it. It was the place itself. Somehow I had a deeper religious feeling on Sundays out there."

And it does seem that people worshipping in such an environment might well have a more vivid sense of the Infinite, of man's loneliness and impermanence upon the earth, and of his dependence on a Higher Power, than is likely to occur to urban people whose Sunday vision is hemmed in by man-reared walls, whose ears are filled with the roar of man-made machines, and whose walking feet, jarring on man-made pavements, seldom know the resilience of grassy earth.

In the urban environment, it becomes relatively easy to accept man as the measure of all things, or even Man as God, and 'religion' sometimes becomes a streamlining of God's word in the service of worldly interests. But the country church member, even if he sometimes suffers from an excess of pulpit-pounding exhortation, at least escapes the 'positive thinkers', the 'moral' rearmers, the slick, glib hucksters bent on proving that Jesus would have been president of Nazareth's Rotary Club if only Nazareth had had one.

For such reasons as these, many churchmen and laymen, too, are aware that the passing of the country church would mean severe losses in spiritual and cultural values, and a weakening of our social and economic strength. To this end they are determined, whatever cost in energy, ingenuity and money, to save the rural church. Every large denomination is now giving special emphasis to departments devoted to the problems of the country pastorate.

Among the devices already adopted to help rural churches is the subsidy, which to some extent is used by virtually all national denominations. Another method is the so-called 'larger parish plan', whereby two or more churches in a given area organize under a council and written constitution and pool their resources in such a way that each church, while retaining its identity and distinctive creed, is strengthened.

In some areas, actual church federation has been accomplished, through 'bureaucratic' pressures against such enterprise are always great. In the little town of Whitewater, Kan., for instance, four churches managed, after years of effort, to form a federated church.

having served all formal relationships with national denominations, this church soon realized, according to its pastor, the Rev. Louis G. Hoppe, that it needed a 'tie-in with the larger stream of Christianity'. So in 1950, the Whitewater church joined the Congregationalists.

But, and this is important, a rural church was preserved. How important this is, in the eyes of rural America, was emphasized by Representative Clifford R. Hope, Republican of Kansas, at a conference on rural churches called by the National Council of Churches at Salina, Kan. The failure of agriculture and the disintegration of nations 'go hand in hand,' he told the converence, 'but it may be that if we look deeper we will find that the people's spirit and the failure of their faith brought on the failure of agriculture and the neglect of the land.' Perhaps a few in America would disagree with this assessment.

The Town Meeting

Dear Bill:

CROSSROADS is greatly improved in its new format and its more up-to-date coverage of currents subjects.

I do want to take exception, however, to so much emphasis on agriculture. Everyone knows that more and more people are moving to the cities and leaving the country. Now that everyone in the country has an automobile anyway, the city churches are the ones that are going to grow. Why should a clergyman, especially an Episcopalian, try to learn any more than he already knows about agriculture?

We also know that with advanced machinery and industrial methods applied to agriculture, fewer men can run the big farms and more people will live in the towns and cities where the agricultural products are brought for processing. Thus our churches will be dealing with industrial workers rather than with farmers.

It seems to me that it is time for us to stop romanticizing life in the country. Modern man has liberated himself from this nonsense of dependence on agriculture exclusively. Why with equipment for irrigating, we is not even dependent on Heaven to send him showers any more. With paved streets and city ordinances to protect suburban areas from old fashioned customs, a man can go about his business from day to day never having to set his foot on mud or dirt. If men go on progressing, and the Church doesn't progress with them, we will have a lot of primitive ministers teaching some kind of backwoods voodoo, when all their congregations are decades ahead of them in culture and experience. Why don't you get on the ball and grow up with the items?

Sincerely yours,
Carl T. Onster

"And The Locusts Came . . ."

By JOHN and HELEN PHILBRICK

THIS is a parable which shows how an unexpected solution may arise t take care of our most vexatious problem. Our problem was grassho pers. (The ancient writers called them locusts, says the Farmer's Bulleti USDA No. 2064, and, in Latin the equivalent of the word 'locust' mean "a burned place".) Last year, they literally devoured every green thing o the homestead. The peach tree had neither leaves nor fruit on their stone The grasshoppers ate everything and the bare stones hung on the ba twigs. After the leaves were gone, they ate the bark off the twigs and man young branches of the trees were killed or deformed. Whenever we walke clouds of grasshoppers flew up on every side. They even devoured th onions in the garden and those stacked in sacks in the garage. In one nigh they would eat up a whole row of cabbages. Grass and rose bushes, da lilies and alfalfa, cornfields — everything disappeared hourly under th scourge of their relentless chewing.

During the spring of 1955 there were dire predictions: all the 1954 ho pers had laid eggs and there would be a large hatch again in 1955. Everyon was apprehensive. Some people bought poisons to kill them when the were young (the grasshoppers, that is.) But some of us were too chicke hearted to face the poisons which are less predictable than the grasshopper

Thirty baby chicks hatched out at the Homestead and while they we young they were allowed to roam over the acre. We tried to raise a floc of ducklings to chase the bugs, but one by one they met their end. We trie to buy turkeys, but the attempt was thawarted.

But the hoppers were getting worse. Some plants already were denude They congregated in force on the wild lettuce and in the topes of the ra weed plants. Obviously, they must be removed as soon as possible.

We held a council of war and pooled our observations. Last year th only tree on the Homestead that retained its leaves was a plum tree growin beside the hen yard. The hens had kept the grasshoppers away from th tree. Therefore, we reasoned, if the hens would eat the grasshoppers, wh not get a net and catch as many as possible to feed the hens? With a larg net made of a nylon curtain, a hoop of wire and a bamboo pole, we traipse back and forth filling the net with hoppers and other bugs, which the he confined in the yard welcomed and made into fresh eggs. But still the ho pers increased in size and in number. The net was becoming increasing impractical. It was getting worn out. It tangled in the rose bushes and g torn in the blackberry patch — where the grasshoppers were thickest. Th

Feeling somewhat like Pharaoh confronted by Moses and Aaron, the Homesteaders wrestle with 'plague' in Missouri. The editor is still plagued with earwigs in his corn; my five bantam chicke still act like Lady Astor's pet horse and ignore them completely. The Philbricks obviously have mo intelligent, or hungrier, chickens!

long bamboo handle came off the net.

The obvious reaction to a dozen saucy grasshoppers sitting on a sunflower, when we had a stick in our hand, was to give them a good whack. That was just what we did. At that instant our grasshopper problem was solved!

Immediately below that sunflower, were a dozen chickens, half dozing, half waiting for breakfast. The sight of the grasshoppers spurting into the air and falling to the ground electrified the chickens, who pounced on them and, slick as a whistle, swallowed them.

It took a few days to train all the chickens to follow whenever we set out with the bamboo pole. It took about fifteen minutes every morning to tour the garden. This early morning tour came at a time when it could not interfere with parish calling! Of necessity, it must be done shortly after sunrise because grasshoppers are more easily seen by chickens in the slanting rays of the early morning sun. Later in the day we could have knocked down a million grasshoppers but not one chicken would have ventured out into the hot sun to catch them. We had to adjust our system to the capacity of our helpers, the chickens. Late in the afternoon, we would all make another tour, again in the slanting rays of the sunshine, which showed up the grasshoppers to the hens' quick eyes — and quicker beaks. The net was mended but was used now only to collect large volumes of hoppers from the surrounding pastures for feeding the big laying hens. This was a process of collecting the insects and carrying them to the consumers. Obviously it was easier and more secure with the bamboo pole system to have the ultimate consumers come right along to catch the hoppers before they touched the ground.

The solution was almost too simple to mention, it was so obvious. But it seemed to be a practical example of a principle: that if we study a problem and observe all relative angles, some solution will be evolved out of the materials and facilities available. Quite often the solution is not the one we expect, but it usually works better than ours would have worked.

(Ed. note: The director of Roanridge also had a solution. He collected a whole host of grasshoppers, put them in his traveling refrigerator and fed them to salmon and trout in Montana on his vacation . . . he then ate the fish for breakfast. Selah!)

—oOo—

In *Understanding Fear,* Bonaro Overstreet writes: "A certain professor in a small orthodox religious college once sized up his fellow professors and himself with these words: 'We don't drink. We don't swear. We don't dance. We don't play cards. But we have no important virtues.'"

OVER THE COPY DESK

Whereas, according to Phil Steinmetz's report, the General Conver tion did not give too great play to town and country, it seems that secula society (Joe Fletcher once said "There is nothing secular but sin", so pleas forgive the adjective) is paying more and more attention to it. From th speeches that are being made, as the politicians warm up for 1956, it apparent that the problem of the rural economy is going to be the numb one domestic issue in the coming campaign.

—oOo—

During the summer, of course, farmers got a fair share of the headline what with agriculturalists from this country touring the Soviet Union an a delegation of farmers from that country marveling at the mechanizatic of American farms and the yield per acre of the United States' heart-lan in the mid-West. From the reports, apparently, each group found that th were dealing with people who had ideas, needs, desires and dreams. All all, it seems to have been a good thing.

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Is there value in the Student Training Program provided that the studen do not return to the town and country field? Part of the answer is fou in a portion of a sermon preached in Pottstown, Pa., by General Semina student, Bill Mills, after spending the summer under Bob Rusack in Mo tana. Using Romans 10:14-15 as a text, Bill told his home congregation:

"I have spent the summer in three small towns in Montana, two of whi have a population under 1000. There were memorials on the altars giv before 1900. There have been literally years between then and now wh there was no minister of the Church, no one to be their pastor and prie I looked at the registers when I arrived in June and saw two or three ser ices listed since the beginning of Lent. When I left on August 18th, the was nobody to take my place. These three towns are known as an op mission field. There are seven such areas in Montana. There was mon enough this summer to pay seminarians to cover three out of the seve The rest stayed open. Now they are all that way again. What is the pr blem? It's easy to see. Most of it lies in the fact that there just is not enou money given to missions by all of our established parishes. So the lit places like these must suffer."

—oOo—

We want to put in a plug for Allen Clark of Danvers, Mass., and h Home Prayers, sponsored by the Province of New England. Each wee now, we send some forty copies of this one-page devotional sheet to t isolated and home-bound in four Idaho counties. Without exception, w get a most positive response from those who receive them. It does, in very real way, tie them in to the worshipping community from which the

are divorced geographically. This is a work which has been going on for some years now, quietly and efficiently, and you will want to support it. It is paid for out of free-will offerings of individuals and persons and, we find in our section, that recipients occasionally 'feed the kitty' so that Allen can keep on producing. If you want to use Home Prayers, write to the Rev. Allen Clark, Danvers, Mass.

—oOo—

I have a gripe. Every bulletin that we get, sooner or later, talks about the visitation of a "beloved" bishop. Every dinner we attend features an introduction of a "beloved" elder statesman of some kind. To hear the coffee-hour discussions of our fellow clergy, often, the adjective is a symptom of hypocrisy rather a statement of truth. Somewhere, sometime, there must be a bishop who is not 'beloved' but is just a good guy, a nice fellow, a friendly cuss, a good companion to have in the bleachers or on an elk hunt . . . and is liked rather than 'beloved'. Gripe over!

—oOo—

NEW MEMBERS

Rev. N. C. Duncan, 9 Charles St., Asheville, N. Car.
Mr. A. D. Fisher, 301 N. Vick St., Wilson, N. Car.
Mrs. Myrtle V. Gundall, Glendo, Wyoming
Rev. P. C. Jefferson, Ship Harbour, Nova Scotia, Canada
Rev. R. G. Matthews, 1127 9th Ave., Medicine Hat, Alta., Can.
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Mr. Gavin Henderson, 85 King St., E., Toronto, Can.
Mr. E. H. Buckingham, Vermilion, Alberta, Can.
Rev. L. Earl Hawkes, Tweed, Ontario, Canada
Rev. R. T. Clennett, Ch. of Holy Nativity, Heinsburg, Alta., Can.
Mr. R. A. Ferguson, 9624 107th Ave., Edmonton, Alta., Can.
Rev. Gordon Scovell, Anglican Vicarage, Castor, Alberta, Can.
Rev. W. E. Crowle, St. Mary the Virgin, Vegreville, Alberta, Can.
Rev. W. T. Webner, All Saints' Vicarage, Oyen, Alberta, Can.
Rev. R. B. Verge, St. Mary Magdalene Vicarage, Major, Sask., Can.
Rev. John D. Riley, 110 N. 10th, Payette, Idaho
Rev. J. G. Gibbons, St. George's, Winfield, Alta., Can.

—oOo—

Stringfellow Barr points out: "Secular is ordinarily used as a synonym for non-religious. It is derived from the Latin word, seculum, meaning 'century'; that is, time as distinguished from eternity."

HITHER AND YON . . .

The Rev. M. Wendell Hainlin, priest-in-charge of The Church of Our Saviour, Okeechobee, Fla., has accepted the job as diocesan representative of R.W.F. in South Florida;

The Diocese of Western North Carolina has a R.W.F. chapter, started on Sept. 10, 1953. According to Rhett Winters, Jr., it is trying to select from amongst the clergy of the diocese the best evangelistic preachers and send them into town-country missions which are ready to hold preaching missions. It is also encouraging the Dept. of Missions to develop a Mission Clinic Program whereby members of the Dept. sit down and 'chew over things' with members of respective Mission Committees; also, they are planning a two-day town-country institute this fall;

The Rev. A. Rufus Morgan of Franklin is the new president of the Council of Southern Mountain Workers which serves nine states in the Southern Appalachian Mountains;

The Rev. W. Francis Allison, a member of R.W.F.'s Board of Directors and long-time priest at Montrose, Pa., became assistant secretary of the Division of Town-and-Country when the National Council held its September meeting;

Cliff Samuelson got sick on his way to Honolulu, and the General Convention, and spent the Convention days, not surf-boarding or wearing leis or even plugging town-and-country, but in a bed in a Portland hospital. Cliff is now out of the hospital and, albeit thinner, ready, willing and able to talk town-and-country and, we presume, to take pictures;

Directors of various rural field training programs met together in Ashfield, Mass., prior to the National Conference in Springfield. Representing the Minnesota program was Bill Key; John Baden stood for the Mid-Central set-up at Claggett Center, Maryland; Dargan Butt for Valle Crucis; Phil Steinmetz for New England's P.T.P.; Norm Foote for Roanridge and Bill Spofford for the Western Extension Center;

Have any of you read George Bernanos' very sensitive novel, *A Diary of a Country Priest* (Image Books)? It has all of the ear-marks of a classic.

For the first time in its history, the District of Idaho deserted the large cities as the site of its convocation and travelled to relatively isolated and surely rural Salmon for its sessions. Salmon, of course, is one of the demonstration areas for the Division of Town and Country and was proudly showing off a new and most functional parish house;

Louise Hatch and Bill Spofford represented the Division of Town and Country at the first Church and Social Welfare Conference of the National Council of Churches in Cleveland, Nov. 1-4th;

The newest Town-Country bishop is Arnold Lewis, chosen by General Convention to succeed Bishop Shirley Nichols in Salina.

Changes of Address

ev. Wayne L. Duggleby, 737 N. Main St., Pontiac, Ill.
ev. Edwin C. Bowyer, 645 Delaware St., St. Paul 7, Minn.
ev. Roger Barney, 63 Green St., Concord, New Hampshire
ev. Robert F. Cowling, P. O. Box 282, Milton, Fla.
ev. C. R. Dibble, 111 Pleasant St., Sturgis, Mich.
ev. S. J. Dibble, 36 Allen St., New Hyde Park, N. Y.
ev. Donald Foster, 2005 Bryant Ave., S., Minneapolis, Minn.
ev. M. A. Garland, 111 Temple St., Fredonia, N. Y.
ev. R. L. Holly, 302 E. Oak St., Watseka, Ill.
ev. H. R. Keen, Sunset Drive, Glastonbury, Conn.
ev. John McTammany, 6717 Stone Mill Rd., Knoxville 19, Tenn.
r. John B. Lurvey, Mission, South Dakota
ev. A. E. Render, St. John's Church, Toledo, Oregon
ev. John T. Whaley, 811 Creager St., Houston, Texas
apt. Tom Wheat, P. O. Box 192, Morganton, North Car.
ev. Norman Green, Box 116, Beamsville, Ontario, Can.
ev. A. D. Leaker, St. George's Ch., Ottawa, Ontario, Can.
rs. F. O. Clarkson, 1124 Bolling Rd., Charlotte, N. Car.
. Rev. R. E. L. Strider, Rose Hill Farm, Kearneysville, W. Va.

—oOo—

In *Not By Bread Alone,* Angus Dun writes: "The very core of the corption which ever threatens man's worship is that it shall be divorced om life. Our calling is to take all of life into the presence and go ck into the world bringing with us the presence, the Word and the ead of Heaven. Our Lord speaks to us both the word 'come' and e word 'go' and we cannot neglect either word. He had often heard th words coming to Him from His Father. He often went apart to with the Father, but the Father who called Him to come apart, never owed Him to remain apart. Straightway, He sent His son back co the world. Jesus went apart in search of peace and power and idance. He came back looking for trouble."

—oOo—

Douglas Jerrold says: "A conservative is a man who will not look the new moon, out of respect for that 'ancient institution', the old one."

—oOo—

A professor at Columbia once referred to a high-flying colleague with s caustic rapier: "Such time as he can spare from the adornment of his rson, he devotes to the neglect of his profession!"

—oOo—

A preacher must prepare inspiring sermons in uninspiring hours.

Forbes Robinson wrote in a letter in 1892: "No amount of philosophica theories are worth much compared with a simple picture of home life. I is these common relations of life which are most awful and sacred. Th highest life we know is, I think I may say with reverence, family life—lif of Father and Son; family life on earth is a faint picture of somethin better in heaven. We shall be surprised some day to find that, which w have been searching for the noble and divine, we have it all the while home. The relations of brother and brother, son and father, are etern realities, which we shall never fathom, for God Himself is below ther 'Omnia exeunt in mysterium,' as Kingsley says in 'Yeast'. I am very pleas with that novel. The description he gives of the sufferings and squalor villages is positively awful. We do want men who believe that self-sacrific not selfishiness, is at the top of all, who are sure that family life is ma in heaven and is made in the image of God's life, who know that in th present is the eternal, to go and live and work and die in our village But Kingsley shows it is not enough to give alms or other social benefits we must do more than that, we must raise their whole life and conditio I believe myself that this can only be done *from inside.* Thus, when G wished to redeem man, He did it from inside. Man himself fought a conquered. Deity entered into humanity. It is not merely that we must li simply, think simply, work, as they do. That is well, but we must do mo If we want to look at them from the inside, I know only one way—t old, old way that God Himself adopts. We must love them, love the Chri the Spirit in them—not the beast, the devil in them. Like attracts like. love and detect that, we must have some of that Spirit, that Christ."

—oOo—

Mark Twain said: "There isn't a parallel of latitude but thinks it wo have been the equator if it had had its rights."

—oOo—

Jean Cocteau defines Tact as consisting of knowing how far we n go too far.

—oOo—

In controversial matters,
My perception's rather fine;
I always see both points of view—
The one that's wrong, and mine.

—oOo—

G. K. Chesterton said: "Tradition is democracy extended through tim Tradition means giving the vote to the most obscure of all classes, o ancestors. Tradition is the democracy of the dead. Tradition refuses submit to the small and arrogant oligarchy of those who are walking about

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